

# PATRIOTISM.<sup>59</sup>

A

## SATIRE.

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*Facit Indignatio Versum. ----- Juv.*

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МЕДІЯТАФ

ЛІБРІЯ ВІДНОВЛЕННЯ

ЛІБРІЯ

Піднесена Л. Гоперу від Гілфі в Ліверпулі

Ліверпуль

(The Sixties)



# PATRIOTISM.

## SATIRE.

**T**O live secure from Party Rage and Want  
Are the first Blessings bounteous Heav'n can grant;  
See the snug Tenant of a Country Farm,  
In hospitable Roof, both neat and warm,  
With cheerful Look, amidst the cackling Brood,  
That swarm beneath his fost'ring Care for Food!  
How smooth his Soul! how free from treach'rous Art,  
His honest, open, undesigning Heart!  
No damn'd Contrivance, no deceiving Guile,  
Lurk in the Covert of a faithless Smile;  
With Ease the Steps of Honesty we trace,  
Where all the Soul is written in the Face;  
No Domes, 'tis true, no rich Pilasters rise,  
No lofty Turrets proudly pierce the Skies;  
In costly Vice, no lavish Sums are spent,  
But bare white Walls are here, and glad Content.

Oh! how unlike the harmless happy Clown  
Is he, who gayly haunts the noisy Town?  
Who, but in all Things, thwarts great Nature's Rules,  
Beset with Coxcombs, Panders, Knaves and Fools.

Believe me *R---d*, search the City round,  
 And ev'ry Breast with careful Caution sound,  
 Nor Ease nor Satisfaction can be found.  
 When real Care provides no painful Throes  
 We're sure to raise imaginary Woes ;  
 As if the Merit of our Conduct lay,  
 In forcing joyous Happiness away.---

See from their Shops important Faces swarm !  
 See giddy Rage bid angry Millions arm !  
 Thro' each wise *Ward*, industrious Nobs engage,  
 To calm the rising Vices of the Age.  
 The prudent *Deputy*, from Elbow-chair,  
 Clearly demonstrates, that Destruction's near ;  
 While kind Digressions to the hungry Throng,  
 Confirm the Rhet'rick of his warbling Tongue ;  
 " My Friends, the Case before us is of Weight ;  
 " And much concerns the Safety of the State ;  
 " For which, as Champions, we have always stood ---  
 " I think these Chickens, are exceeding good. *How*  
 " We should be ever watchful to defeat, *How*  
 " Sir *R---t*'s fly Devices ; --- Pray, Sir, eat. *No*  
 " And every honest Heart, I know, must wish *to*  
 " To pull him down. --- I'll taste a little Fish. *With*  
 " What num'rous Blunders are before our Eyes, *With*  
 " Conventions, vile *Embargoes*, and *Excise* ; *No*  
 " 'Twill still be so, if He pursues his Reign, *to*  
 " Which Heav'n---*Dick*, fill a Bumper of Champain. *In*  
 " I say, we ought these Measures to pursue, *But*  
 " In Justice to *ourselves*, and *Country* too ; *to*  
 " For if our just Proceedings once are crost, *and* *to*  
 " Both *LIBERTY* and *PROPERTY* are lost ; *and* *to*  
 " By us the lab'ring Land may be reliev'd ; --- *and* *to*  
 " The Lord be thank'd for what we have receiv'd. *and* *to*

Thus

Thus bellowing *D---e* <sup>ans</sup> hopes to gain Applause,  
And rise a *Patriot* in his *Country's* Cause :  
But think, not rashly, that his honest Heart,  
With real firmness takes the Nation's Part ;  
No, tho' perplex'd and tortur'd with Despair,  
She knew no Refuge from surrounding Care,  
So wish'd-for Pelf came in he'd grieve no more,  
Than *F---t* has for his Uncles griev'd before.

Whence rise these Clamours? wherefore spreads this Rage,  
Which mighty Reason never can assuage ?  
Why 'gainst a Man are these Aspersions hurl'd,  
So late the Idol of th' admiring World ?  
Already tir'd, with odious Discontent  
The fickle Croud, their fav'rite Choice repent ;  
With iirksome Glance, their former Praise review,  
And meanly languish after something new.

Fraught with such wanton Airs, the peevish Boy,  
Burns with Impatience, for a glitt'ring Toy ;  
Pleas'd for a while, with Rapture and Delight,  
The tinsell'd Trappings, charm his aking Sight ;  
Till common grown, it's power to please is fled,  
And a new Bauble triumphs in it's Stead.---

When Prepossession reigns, fair Honour flies,  
And steady Vice the Place of Truth supplies ;  
With heedless rage prevailing Passions roll,  
Nor Wisdom's self can turn the slavish Soul.---

Hear, mighty *B---n* ! a Wight of wond'rous Weight,  
With prudent Maxims, help the sage Debate.  
" Is Honesty your Search ? 'tis quickly known,  
" We have, my Friend, no Rascals of our own ;

" All, all, are honest, who with us resort,  
 " No Crime can taint the Man, who hates the *Court*.  
 " Whate'er his Course of Life, I've always found,  
 " The grumbling Cit, most surely proves the sound ;  
 " This certain Rule with eager Strictness note,  
 " A Man's Deserts are center'd in his Vote."

What then has sacred Conscience lost it's Weight ?  
 " No ; Conscience bids me contradict the Great ;  
 " Nay, Int'rest too, but that indeed, you know,  
 " Is much the same, as present Notions go :  
 " I rail with constant Fury.---But what then ?  
 " Just when I please, I can be calm again.  
 " There may be Reasons ;---Harkee, in your Ear ;  
 " What think you of a thousand Pounds a Year ?  
 " Old *Cerberus*, I've heard, as Poets tell,  
 " (That furious Barker at the Gates of Hell)  
 " Soon dropt his Fury, and took down his *Pride*,  
 " When the prevailing Sop was well applied ;  
 " A welcome Gift may unexpected come,  
 " And then, I'll warrant you, my Boy,---but mum ;  
 " At present, I will thwart, and sure I ought,  
 " For I have never yet receiv'd a Groat.

O Indignation ! shall the *English* Name,  
 Thus fall a Prey to Infamy and Shame ;  
 While base Corruption, with Gigantick Strides,  
 O'er the dejected Land in Triumph rides ?  
 Must e'en our Laws, our ancient Rights be sold ?  
 Will all, all truckle to imperious Gold ?  
 I scorn base Brib'ry ; the fierce *Patriot* cries,  
 But views the shining Heap with longing Eyes ;  
 Dotes on its Charms, and maugre all his Pride,  
 To change his Doctrine, wants but to be tried.

Let *F---g* witness, *Champion* thrice renown'd,  
 The sav'ry Relish of a thousand Pound ;

Furious

Furious and eager as a Beast of Prey,  
He'll bite his dearest Friends for better Pay ;  
True to his Point, he's ne'er ashame'd to own,  
That side deserves his Love that best --- comes down ;  
In Wealth alone, intrinsick Merit lies,  
And none but *Mammon* can content the Wise :  
His Prudence bids him chearfully dispence  
With Honour, Truth ; nay, Virtue's self for Pence.

Hence factious Feuds, hence endless Mischiefs rise,  
Hence lawless Malice fills the World with Lies :  
Whether in melting Verse, or nervous Prose,  
Good-nature still with tender sweetness flows ;  
But asks th' Affistance of a skilful Hand,  
To give its pleasing Course a due Command ;  
Slander and Gall in num'rous Shapes abound,  
Infectious Weeds that spring in ev'ry Ground ;  
The coarsest Crimes, with greatest glee we paint,  
We scorn to sweeten, but we love to taint ;  
And when a hungry *Churl*'s resolv'd to write,  
No task's so easy as to squander Spite.

'Tis Party Rage can spoil the noblest Mind,  
As Fruits, when blighted by the Northern Wind ;---  
Behold the Brothers ! What unequall'd Grace,  
With sparkling Lustre fills each Godlike Face !  
With silent Awe their Heartfelt Strains we hear,  
Strains such as charm'd of old th' *Atbenian* Ear ;  
Oh ! had kind Fate, enraptur'd as it form'd,  
Their soaring Minds, with steady Justice arm'd ;  
What Friends, what Patrons, had the *Britons* found !  
Sagacious, careful, politick, and sound.---  
But to Fun'ral, even from the Birth,  
Since full Perfection never dwells on Earth,

While ev'ry pleasing Virtue press'd to fill,  
The new created Forms, th' Eternal Will,  
Bid partial Pride approve them Mortal still.

The Charge is giv'n.---What Scenes of Guilt appear?  
How shall th' accus'd his wretched Conduct clear?  
Sage *P---y* cries; --- (and who shall dare to raise,  
An impious Scruple to what *P---y* says?)  
Ne'er fear Evasions, they will all prove vain;  
We shall demonstrate Things so mighty plain;  
I count the Bus'ness as already done,  
And *B--b* shall perish with the setting Sun.  
Hark! hark! it opens; mind the raving Peer,  
With clam'rous Noise affront the Senate's Ear;  
Little indeed his furious Starts avail,  
But Losers always must have leave to rail;  
Th' unhappy Man went military mad,  
And dropt the real, catching at a Shade;  
And who, with Reason, can condemn his Grace,  
For hating those, who nick'd him of his Place?  
What num'rous Tribes, what fierce encount'ring Bands,  
Croud Ensign *L--n*, and Captain *S--s*?  
Destruction now appears in various Forms,  
Here *B---d* argues, and there *P---y* storms;  
E'en till their fainting Might, no more can wield  
Their idle Arms, they keep the glorious Field.

What was the Judgment of th' assembled House?  
The Mountain labour'd, and behold A MOUSE.  
— The News is heard. — Thro' ev'ry penfive Street,  
The tuneful Nose confirms the sad defeat;  
And busy Damsels sorrowfully bawl,  
The Patriot's hapless and untimely Fall.  
See hair-brain'd *G---x*, fir'd with anxious Zeal, but said  
No Wretch so careful of the Common-Weal,

With

With quaint Distortions, (curious Helps of Art !)  
 Combine the *Andrew's* and the *Poet's* Part ;  
 And, *Patriot* like, confirm'd by doleful Tone,  
 Emphatically roar, " Undone ! undone !  
 " Unhappy *England*, where is now thy Pride ?  
 " What Heroe now thy batter'd Helm can guide ?  
 " Who now shall try thy drooping Worth to save ?  
 " Or screen thy Glories from the threat'ning Grave !  
 " What mortal Pow'r, alas ! cou'd do, we did ;  
 " Till VIRTUE MORE TO LABOUR FATE FORBID.

The gaping Herd, attentive to his Call,  
 In solemn Silence fill the sacred Hall ;  
 With Rapture press to gain the happy Van,  
 Fir'd with the Wisdom of the glorious Man.

Thus, where *Moorfields* extend, th' infected Croud,  
 While *W----d* madly strains the Word of God,  
 In giddy Circles to Destruction run,  
 Lost in the Evils they pretend to shun ;  
 Deep sinks th' Imposture in th' unguarded Breast,  
 Till, warm'd by holy Frenzy, 'tis confess,  
 That Sect alone are happy, d--n the rest.

A byass'd Soul, from spotless Honour clear,  
 Creeping, yet vain, tho' specious, insincere ;  
 A smooth, fallacious, mischief-making Tongue,  
 For ever factious, and for ever wrong ;  
 One grain of Wit, with treach'rous Craft combin'd,  
 A knavish Principle with Int'rest join'd ;  
 Detraction, Envy, Malice, groundless Hate  
 And Frenzy wild, of each one hundred Weight,  
 The modern *Patriot's* Character compleat.

Not such of old those guardian Heroes were,  
 Who made our Safety their unvaried Care ;

With

With steady Faith maintain'd the *British* Cause,  
 And fought to strengthen, not rescind the Laws;  
 By noble Worth and gen'rous Ardour mov'd  
 Each greatly join'd to help the Land he lov'd;  
 And with assenting Concord bravely rose,  
 To quell the Projects of surrounding Foes.  
 Then, foremost in the Lists of mighty Fame,  
 The trembling World ador'd the *British* Name;  
 And Heav'n itself in Plenty seem'd to smile,  
 Pleas'd with the Candour of this happy Isle.

Oh! may those joyous Days again return!  
 May *British* Hearts with *British* Transports burn!  
 May restless Tumult and Disquiet cease,  
 And vig'rous War establish noble Peace!  
 At Home, by mutual Faith, secure from Harm,  
 No foreign Danger need our Fears alarm;  
*Britain* wou'd conquer, tho' the World should arm.

*See* *the* *Relief* *of* *India*

A pageant gone from living Honour;—  
 Besides, let us say, the better Ingucers;—  
 A wood, still voices, with kindling Tongue;—  
 However, say, for ever, woe;



More signs of old days, than heroes, we see;—  
 Who made out safety their unavailing Care;—  
 And every wind, of every hundred Miles,

WV.